

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1845

SEPTEMBER 14, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

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SESSION 1907-8.

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26th August, 1907.

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Education

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Chemistry.—Sir W. Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S.
J. Norman Collie, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S.;
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Botany.—F. W. Oliver, D.Sc., F.R.S.

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London and its Celebrities, 2 vols, 1850

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THERE is a gentleman connected with journalism who delighted the literary world with a brilliant discovery some few months ago. He signed his article—great discoverers are seldom purged of the last infirmity of noble minds—and the name of SPENDER will now go down to future ages with the name of the great TWAMLEY. Twamley was the inventor of the Box Iron; Mr. Spender found out that style was of no consequence—nay, was worse than that—undemocratic; and that neither Keats, Dickens, or R. L. Stevenson had time or care for such a trifle. Mr. Spender should have rested after such an effort as this; but there is reason to believe that he is indefatigable, and a recent article in the *Westminster Gazette*, on "The Church and the Law," seems to show traces of his grand manner. The subject-matter of the article in question is the famous Deceased Wife's Sister Act, and its intent is to show that when Imperial Parliament has spoken the Church has nothing to do but to agree, *because* the Church is a "State-Established Church." Thus the writer of the article:

If a Church is a State Church it is an impossible position for the Church to prohibit marriages declared legal by the State. If the Church really insists that it cannot conscientiously recognise one form of legal marriage, is not the inference that the Church is no longer in a position to carry out the duties and functions of an Established Church?

Note, by the way, the charming structure of the last-quoted sentence; we can hardly fail to recognise the disciple of R.L.S., who was too good a democrat to worry about style. But the rarity of the matter far surpasses the elegance of the manner. So far as one can tell, the writer seems to believe that at some indefinite period something called "The State" said to itself: "I say; there is a kind of thing called a Church going about; let's 'establish' it. Then it will be a 'State Church,' and will have to do anything we tell it. So if we want to steal, we just pass an Act repealing the Sixth Commandment, and the Church will have to obey; or else we shall infer that it is 'no longer in a position to carry out the duties and functions of an Established Church'; and that means Disestablishment, which is polite for Loot."

Now this is not really a technically correct account of the origin of the connection between Church and State in England; and the burglaries and murders of King Henry VIII. do not make the case for the State any better. A house that was looted by *few* Peace did not thereby become a Burglar-established House, nor are we to conceive the master of the said house, supposing him to survive, as deprived of all rights over his own premises and property. There is some further confusion about what "the laity" should or should not tolerate. The *Westminster Gazette* must be informed, piously but kindly, that "the laity" have no voice whatever in the matter, and that from the earliest ages—from the time of St. Ignatius—the bishop has been the supreme and sole authority on faith and morals. Of course "the State" could, if it pleased so to do, order the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* to be burned alive in his own printing office. This is a truism; but it does not help one much in considering questions of righteousness and justice. The French "State" can "sneak" monastic property, the Congo "State" can exist on blood and lechery and devilish cruelty, the "State" of Borrioboola Gha can cut off a thousand heads a week—the "State" has always been capable of wonderful achievements. But over the Catholic Church of Christ it can have no power at all; nor can its Master, who dwells in "another place."

Although Mr. J. M. Barrie's publishers no longer advertise in *The Times*, it is gratifying to find that the manufacturers of the famous "Arcadia" tobacco do not feel called upon to engage themselves in the disputes of publishers and book clubs. Thus the subscribers to *The Times* are still in the fortunate position of being able to read "Barrie on Tobacco." Mr. Barrie's success as a tobacco advertiser is suggestive. It points the way to other things, and we are irresistibly forced to reflect on the many surprising opportunities that lie before many talented authors if they would really seriously address themselves to the business of advertising popular articles of general utility. Mr. G. R. Sims is, of course, the proud owner of a notorious hair-restorer, and John Strange Winter is content to let literature be subsidiary to the virtues of her ointment for the complexion. But there are others of no smaller distinction in the world of letters who still "only watch and wait." When is Mr. Robert Hichens, who is never tired of writing about "black spaniels" and other curious specimens of the canine race, going to lend the dignity and inducement of his name to some patented dog biscuit? One cannot expect anything in this line from Mr. Caine or Miss Corelli. Their energies are fully concentrated upon themselves.

Whilst on the subject of Mr. Caine it may be mentioned that THE ACADEMY dramatic critic witnessed to his unending regret some considerable part of the play called "The Christian," now being performed in the remains of the Lyceum Theatre. The production was, however, of such a character that it was felt wiser to leave the whole miserable affair in silence. Since then, however, the *Daily Mail* and other kindred journals scenting something blatantly sensational with which to enliven their autumn leaves, have puffed and paragraphed the concern into a prominence that is little short of scandalous. Mr. Caine and his coadjutors in the Press assert that "The Christian" is an attempt to solve what they call "the Social Evil." Mr. Caine, we are told, is deeply concerned with the redemption of "fallen women," and suggests a means for such redemption in his melodrama. It may be so, but the play offers us no contributory evidence to establish the validity of these assertions. On the contrary, all

we were able to observe was a number of actresses impersonating "women of the town" in a gimcrack "refuge home," and deporting themselves in such a manner as may be easily calculated to attract a large public which gloats over any sensation that is commonly called "risky." It is the same public that delights in the exhibition of scantily-draped women on the stage, the public that enjoyed "Pink Dominoes" or any other farce that may be described by that prohibited word "suggestive." For ourselves we thought the actresses who played in "the refuge scene" were the only "unfortunates" on the Lyceum stage. Their task was a hard and thankless one, and that they acquitted themselves as they did is a high compliment.

The power of the pen has not often been better illustrated than by the reputation of Mr. Timothy Holmes, the famous surgeon, whose death occurred last week. Holmes came to London after a brilliant career at Cambridge culminating in a double first. He became attached to St. George's Hospital, and while quite young in office there projected the publication of a "System of Surgery," the various articles to be written under his general editorship by the recognised professional authorities on the different subjects. He got together a brilliant group of collaborators, his reputation as a scholar being known to his seniors, and in less than four years he issued in successive parts an encyclopædia of surgery that was recognised by all authorities as the first inclusive work on the science that had ever appeared in English.

The birth of antiseptic surgery took place just as the "System of Surgery" was completed, and this necessitated revision of many of the articles in a subsequent edition, and no doubt cut short the life of the work somewhat. Holmes, however, founded a manual, his "Treatise on Surgery," upon the encyclopædia, in which he was able to pay due regard to the new development, and this time it was the medical student who had to become familiar with his book. As a consequence of his literary successes, Holmes's name was known for thirty years to generations of medical men and students in all scientific centres, and we may add that his fame was well deserved. He was not only a cultured and incisive writer, steeped in the knowledge of his subject and well read in many directions outside it, but his vast clinical experience gave him a clue to the comparative value of his themes. When Holmes wrote at length it was because the subject was known to him to be one of practical importance on which he could shed a personal light. He had been actively connected with St. George's Hospital as surgeon and honorary treasurer for nearly fifty years.

The visit of two famous French caricaturists to London—namely, Caran d'Ache and "Sem"—cannot fail to remind the discriminating public of the poverty in invention and execution so generally shown by caricaturists in England. "Carbons" and caricatures have become increasingly popular during the last few years with our weekly and daily papers, and the wonder is, as there appears to be a growing demand for these "features," that the supply is of so poor a character. The majority of the scrawls which appear both in daily and weekly journals are remarkable for nothing so much as being entirely devoid of humour, imagination, sense of character, and elementary knowledge of draughtsmanship. The last attribute is very pleasing, but is not essential to the caricaturist's art. Mr. Max Beerbohm, our only caricaturist, on whom has descended the mantle of Pellegrini, may not be a first-rate draughtsman, but he has a wonderful gift for

those felicities of exaggeration that depict character and personality. Moreover, his sketches have always an implicit conceit about them that stings us into appreciation. As for the other gentlemen who do duty regularly in the daily press, the majority of their efforts are as dull and pointless as a page of jokes by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

Last week we lamented with sincere sorrow the evidences of uniform deterioration amongst many of the magazines published in the United Kingdom. A very pleasant exception to this rule is to be found in *Celtia*, the Pan-Celtic magazine. *Celtia* has lately passed under new management, and is now edited by Mr. S. R. John, an able and sympathetic Welsh scholar. The paper is admirably printed and produced; it contains nothing that could possibly appeal to a popular audience, but much that is bound to interest in the literatures, languages, and national characteristics of the Celtic peoples. In the August number there appears an article on "Irish Influences in Early Welsh History," by Professor John Edward Lloyd, which would seem likely to raise considerable speculation and controversy. It is a remarkable fact that whilst a magazine of *Celtia's* slender pretensions can achieve so much that is of real interest and value, journals with five times its resources are content simply to wallow in that already overcrowded market which appeals to the vulgar, the uneducated, or the feeble-minded.

The article on "Good Little Books" seems to have perturbed many people. One indignant correspondent has been dealt with by the writer of the review in question, and now another critic writes to point out that the hymn animadverted on, the hymn containing the line "He died to make us good," has in it more orthodox sentiments. Doubtless, but what is the use of a prescription which, containing iron and strychnine and other excellent tonics, has also a fatal dose of prussic acid? What should we say of the Nicene Creed if one of the clauses were:—And I believe several liberal, Protestant, and strictly unapostolic churches—in place of the ancient formula? Let it be repeated once more that the moral code is no more an end in itself than was the dose which Mrs. Squeers used to give the boys.

The memorial verses on the death of Karl Blind which Mr. Swinburne contributes to the September *Fortnightly Review* will not add to his reputation as a poet, and will give yet another illustration of the hopelessly indiscriminate manner in which this great poet distributes his praise and his blame. All Mr. Swinburne's geese are swans:

Through all the thunderous time,
Now silent and sublime,
Where Right in hopeless hope waged war on Wrong,
His head shone high, his hand
Grasped as a burning brand
The sword of faith which weakness makes more strong,
And they for whom it shines hold fast
The trust that Time bequeaths for truth to assure at last.

One can admire Mr. Swinburne's generous loyalty to the memory of the friend "who gave Mazzini's hand to mine" without escaping from the conviction that this sort of adulation of a well-meaning but exceedingly dangerous and mischievous revolutionary is rather silly. One cannot help wishing that Karl Blind had not given Mazzini's hand to Mr. Swinburne's, and that Mr. Swinburne had never been lured into those paths of revolutionary rhetoric which were so detrimental to Shelley's genius. The wedding of poetry and propaganda is a terrible *mésalliance*, and its offspring has ever been distinguished by quantity rather than by quality.

THE VISIBLE GOD

O HEARTS that are ever lusting after gold,
 Rise up out of the dust and worship Beauty!
 For Beauty is more precious than great pearls,
 More to be treasured than silver and fine gold,
 And more desirable than rose-red rubies,
 Or emeralds greener than a dragon's eyes . . .
 And Beauty should be diademed with joy,
 And perfected with love . . . yet is it stoned
 With stones of hate, and stabbed with jealousy . . .
 Yes! all the beauty of beautiful young girls,
 And all the beauty of beautiful young men,
 Is dragged from its supreme inheritance
 Of passion and delight, by ignorant fools,
 Or desecrated by the eyes of Lust . . .
 Or wounded with the weapons of blind pain . . .
 Yet even in its ruin is great beauty,
 The loveliest and divinest of all things . . .
 The wonder of all wonders in the world!
 Therefore look up a moment, weary men,
 From all the horrors of your bestial toil,
 And worship this white miracle of flesh,
 Seeing therein the Image of your God.

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

LYNTON

THE road runs sheer toward a little bay
 Set with high banks, where, though the earth shine red,
 Now all things else are overshadowed
 By trees, in middle June more green each day,
 Elm, larch, and oak, whose murmurous array
 On summer eves deepens the darkness shed
 On hills empurpled and the wave-lashed head
 That suffers not the sea's tumultuous sway.

Past the white houses falls the hurrying stream,
 Safe at the quay some battered cobbles float,
 Above the mists the steeples of Lynton gleam,
 Full with crisp fern and foxglove's swelling throat;
 Beneath, the round smooth stones give back a note,
 The tiny splash of waves, faint as a dream.

VALENTINE BARLOW.

LITERATURE

FAITH, HOPE, AND THE ELECTRONS

The New Physics and its Evolution. Being the authorised translation of "La Physique Moderne," by LUCIEN POINCARÉ. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd., 1907, 5s.)

COMMON-SENSE is not identical with good sense, though the terms are often used as if they were interchangeable; and similarly common knowledge is not necessarily the knowledge of things as they are, but often signifies the raw impressions of uneducated people. Many beliefs which pass from day to day unchallenged, which are treated as axioms by ill-informed newspapers, and which are acted upon accordingly by those of our politicians who dance to the tune of the journalist, will be seen on investigation to be without origin in facts. Among such is the view that the scientific man is usually a materialist. Over and over again we hear that the scientific man, inasmuch as he does not believe in what he cannot see, or time, or measure, or weigh, cannot admit the possibility of a future existence, or be other than sceptical about religious doctrines. Now the real state of the case is that what a scientific man cannot believe beggars belief absolutely; there is no man among us who so clearly walks hand-in-hand with miracles, who is so evidently prepared to accept as possible for the future what looks impossible for the present, who is so reluctant to lay down boundaries for his imaginings. Those who, remembering the storms that raged round Darwin's enunciation of the principles of evolution, wish to perpetuate the discord between religion and science on the ground of the want of faith of the scientific man, must admit that they have fallen behind the times. The microscope, the clock, the foot-rule, and the balance, no longer symbolise for him the progress of man, though the new conceptions of science have their origin in the improvement of his tools.

M. Lucien Poincaré's book is the latest volume in the well-known International Scientific Series, and the translation has been edited with great care by Mr. Legge, the general editor of this series. The author is one of the Inspectors-General of Public Instruction in France, whose official duty it is to visit the different French educational centres, to report upon the state of study at the universities and *lycées*, and thus to ensure a proper standard of education being maintained in the country. Such a vocation gives him a fine position from which to mark the recent extraordinary developments of physical science, for it is his daily routine to hear all sides of vexed questions, while it is his privilege, or a necessity arising out of the nature of his post, to stand aloof from controversy. M. Poincaré tells us in his preface that he decided to use these excellent opportunities in writing a book which, while avoiding too great insistence on technical details, would make known the general results at which physicists have arrived during the last fruitful decade. His object has been to marshal the new views before the reader in evolutionary sequence, showing how they have passed through successive transformations until their present claims upon our attention have been reached. This object is by no means a small one, and to attempt to effect it within the compass of one slim volume has led to extreme condensation. The editor has come to the author's rescue here by prefixing to the translation an extended table of contents forming a fairly complete digest of the book, and full indices have been added, making it easy to consult other works mentioned in the text when more information is

required. M. Poincaré deals with the facts and conjectures of physics in the broadest sense as they have been affected by recent discoveries. He demonstrates with examples the ever-increasing precision of the metrology employed in our laboratories; he discusses the several opposing theories of the ether; he tells of the discoveries of the X-rays and the N-rays; he devotes an interesting section to a description of the radioactive bodies; and he deals at some length with the relations between electricity and optics, and the meaning of ionization. He gives considerable space to an account of wireless telegraphy, being very careful in his allotment of credit to the various discoverers, though he omits all reference to his own work. This story forms, perhaps, the most arresting incident in modern scientific work; while there have been discoveries of wider promise to the evolutionist there is not one that so holds the imagination of the public, save, perhaps, that which arose out of Röntgen's fortunate observation when experimenting with a Crookes's tube. The discovery of the X-rays and the invention of wireless telegraphy at once promise material benefits which all can appreciate, while they seem to justify the imaginings of the spiritualist. The phenomena form comprehensible proofs that physical barriers are but the expression of our ignorance and possess no permanent limiting power. The immediate credit of the discovery of the X-rays rests between Röntgen and Crookes, though behind their work lies the whole of optical science; but the question, "Who discovered wireless telegraphy?" is a more difficult one to answer. M. Poincaré goes very carefully into the respective claims, the chapter being an interlude written to demonstrate that progress in science is usually due to the united efforts of numerous workers, but that there are always particular persons who by genius, by labour, by intuition, and possibly by luck, earn the right to recognition as the immediate inventors of this or that. And it is essential that we should allot the credit of discovery in the right place, for it too often happens that their meed of fame is the only reward of these great ones, and to not a few of them this reward comes posthumously, the process of canonisation even being much delayed.

The message of the book whose contents are thus sketched is significant while it is still a matter of public belief that the man of science is a materialist. In these pages there are displayed the wonderful faith of the physicist in the progress of a world that is rapidly conquering the secrets of Nature; his ever-springing hope of getting nearer to the understanding of first causes, and his perpetual struggle to arrive at a supreme principle which must command the whole of physics; his audacious and successful use of theory; his reverence for those who can turn theory into practice, and his affection for the names which are linked with great constructive exploits; his worship of the truth. Does not such a man display the very virtues that are inculcated from the pulpit? But here for the time the parallel should stop. Further steps to reconcile the revelations of science with the Christian Faith lead to no safe ground; rather they seem to land us in a bog. Those who desire to labour the identity of the man of science with the man of religion take invariably one of two courses. Firstly, they may point out that, if an electric charge can be substituted for a material mass, as the theory of the electrons suggests, we have in electricity a First Cause, a kind of summary of the qualities of the Creator, to the mysterious working of which may be attributed anything that we cannot comprehend. Clergymen must be warned off this line of thought, at any rate for the purposes of the pulpit, for the theory of the electrons, as is well shown in M. Poincaré's brief references, ends in identifying matter with electricity, so that the cult of elec-

tricity as a religion becomes the completest possible example of pantheism. The second method of reconciling scientific developments with religious tenets is to assert that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul follows directly upon the indestructibility of matter. This is simply to make a comical use of Joule's equivalent, and further elaboration of the argument results in rubbish. When Joule ascertained the rate of exchange between kinetics and heat he proved the possibility of the transference of energy from one form into another, but we are without assurance that any part of ourselves, existing as ourselves, will remain after dissolution, though dissolution may be only a process of transferred energy. It is usual for the pietistic to say at this point that the personal imprint, whose influences constitute the factors of heredity, has an obstinacy which promises survival; when the discussion is at once seen to be at an end for serious purposes. No—the religious promise of science, so far as it can be claimed that one has been given, is not of this sort at all. It depends for its fulfilment upon the remarkable identity of the spirit of the truly scientific worker with the spirit of the truly religious man, a circumstance which precludes the idea of intolerance or animosity being displayed by the real leaders in either camp. When Tyndall prophesied thirty-five years ago that science would wrest from theology the entire domain of cosmological theory, those who were pledged to a literal belief in the Mosaic account of the Creation deeply resented his impiety. Such feelings cannot now be stirred among thoughtful persons; a critical attitude towards the literalities of Holy Writ is being adopted by many good Christians who do not find that the essential teachings lose by this form of inspection. The same attitude may soon be required to repress the expectations of ardent scientists, not a few of whom are beginning to see in the work of their leaders far more than these leaders claim. "The electron," says M. Poincaré, "has conquered physics, and many adore the new idol blindly." The warning words are needed. It may be difficult to withhold subscription to the theory which allows us to treat all modern discoveries on electric discharges and on radio-active substances as manifestations of the same thing, and which provides us with a working hypothesis for optics; but scientific folk must keep their heads—those heads which are believed popularly to be so level. The conception of the electrons may enable us to penetrate further than our predecessors have penetrated into the secrets of Nature, but surrender to the electron of the characteristics of the atom is not a solution of the riddle of the universe.

To return to M. Poincaré's book, although it is short and clear, it will not be found easy reading, and some of it will not be followed without consultation of other works, save by those to whom the methods of research as well as the broad principles of physics are already familiar. Still, no educated man can read "The New Physics" without gaining ideas of these methods and principles, and the time has arrived when no educated man ought to be found bereft of ideas on such matters. That some scientific theories are founded on an enormously industrious collection of facts; that others precede their supporting facts and testify to the imagination as well as the labour of the scientist; and that theories and facts alike tell a story of progress, now slow and now quick, now anticipated and now surprising, towards a fuller comprehension of Nature, ought to be known to us all. These are the things which M. Poincaré demonstrates, while his book suggests incidentally that whereas religion and science in times quite near to us walked in paths at right angles one to another, they now pursue parallel tracks, which may end in one broad road to perfect understanding.

S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.

CHRISTIAN AND HIS PACK

Grace Abounding and The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. The Text edited by JOHN BROWN, D.D. (Cambridge English Classics: University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)

WE have often wondered why anyone reads novels—which describe, as a rule superficially or absurdly, the mental processes of imaginary people—when there exist books which reveal that much more important thing, the spiritual history of the souls of actual people. St. Augustine's "Confessions," St. John of the Cross, best of all, "The Interior Castle," the "Way of Perfection," and the "Life" of St. Teresa; that very short list, which might be very considerably extended, offers more interest, more truth, even more excitement than any dozen of the hundreds of novels that are published every year. And, in its own restricted scope, on its own very different level of spiritual attainment, Bunyan's "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," of which Dr. Brown has just published in this admirable series a trustworthy text, is as interesting and exciting as any of those we have mentioned.

It is a pathetic book—not only because it shows the struggles and trials of a soul striving towards fulfilment, but chiefly because that soul was hampered in its struggle by ignorance. How much of that ignorance was "invincible," and how much wilful, does not concern us here. John Bunyan was born four years before George Herbert died, and while the community at Little Gidding was still living its beautiful, if not wholly enlightened, life. He died in the reign of James II. Yet early in life he cut himself adrift even from such opportunities as he had for sacraments and sacramental teaching, and in 1661 we find him during his imprisonment exhorting his hearers, as one of his principal messages, "to take heed that they touched not the Common Prayer." All through the story one is impressed not with the joy of a favoured spirit drawing nearer and nearer to the desired union, but with the sadness of a great and heroic soul battling with foes in a darkness which itself had chosen.

Still, it is a fascinating story. The humblest spiritual experience qualifies for the understanding of it: no matter how far the favoured soul has travelled on the mystical journey, it will still find something to learn in Bunyan's bleak experience, and something to admire in the pertinacity and courage with which he continued to strain upwards towards the light which he might have reached with so much greater ease and joy. The vivid, rugged honesty of the tale, the minuteness with which each step forward or backward is recorded, the common experience of all who have followed the same road in the same or better circumstances—these characteristics endear the book to the reader and win it a place in his interest and affections which no other spiritual autobiography, though some are far dearer, can share. The world has long ceased to believe that Bunyan was ever the horrible sinner he professed himself to have been: to declare the statement merely the cant of his day would be to do him a still worse injustice. That he was foul-mouthed we know, and reckless: a blasphemer and a scoffer. That his life was singularly "pure"—to use the word in its modern sense—we know also:

According to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lust, and delighted in all transgression against the Law of God: So that until I came to the state of marriage I was the very ringleader of all the Youth that kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness.

Thus he writes in paragraph 8 of "Grace Abounding": in paragraphs 314, 315 and 316 we have a different story—the bare truth, one cannot but believe, hurled in the faces of his traducers. And yet the

former confession is due not only to the desire experienced by Salvationists and other Protestant "converts" to make as much of past sins as possible for the glory either of God or of the sinner, according as the "conversion" is genuine or not. Bunyan believed himself an exceptional sinner, just because he had a conscience so sensitive and a spiritual life so vigorous as to feel acutely the peril of the judgment to come, which was the burden of the preaching of his day and school—the appalling distance and difference between himself and the Just Judge. St. Teresa, too, exaggerated the sinfulness of her early life; but in how different a manner! Bitter remorse seized her for the heinous offence of wasting time talking to the guests who came to the receptions in the convent! The meaning of this remorse has been made clear by M. Joly in a passage of his "Saint Teresa," which illuminates brilliantly the difference between the Saint and John Bunyan:

A young, newly-married woman allows herself to be absent from her husband unnecessarily. After a time she recalls that an unusually tender affection had united them, and she writes: "What happy moments we had dreamt of passing together are lost through my fault!"

How vigorous Bunyan's spiritual life really was is clear from his own narrative. As a child of eight or nine years old, visions of "devils and hellish fiends" attacked him at night and

did so distress my Soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports, and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins: Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of Life and Heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no Hell, or that I had been a Devil.

So much agony attended the travail of this lonely, undirected or misdirected soul. Then came his marriage to the daughter of a man who "was counted godly," and the study of the two books, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety," which were all the dower she brought him. And later the great day when his Sunday "game at Cat" was interrupted by the voice that did

suddenly dart from Heaven, into my Soul, which said, *Will thou leave thy sins, and go to Heaven; or have thy sins, and go to Hell?* At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my Cat upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me.

The sight—the vision—only confirmed him in his "sins." It was now, he believed, "too late for me to look after Heaven; for Christ would not forgive me." Later came the admonition from the woman—"a very loose and ungodly wretch"—who told him that he was "the ungodliest fellow, for swearing, that ever she heard in all her life"; and that was the turning-point. Thereafter the story is one of constant progress. Burdened with a bigger pack than even his own Christian carried—the burden of the hideous and brutal error of his creed—he struggled on to the assurance that he was not a fore-ordained outcast:

Now I had an evidence, as I thought, of my salvation from Heaven, with many golden seals thereon, all hanging in my sight. For whereas before I lay continually trembling at the mouth of Hell, now me-thought I was got so far there-from, that I could not, when I looked back scarce discern it: and, oh! thought I, that I were fourscore years old now, that I might die quickly, that my Soul might be gone to rest.

The story of the progress between those two points is surely one of the most vivid and enthralling ever written. And it is told in that direct, racy, compelling language of which Bunyan, that lonely genius, was master, with illustrations drawn from common things and events, turns of vivid phrase, and plain, sometimes rugged, simplicity that make it a perpetual delight. The ups and downs of it are sharp and sudden, and the interest never flags. At one moment:

I was so taken with the love and mercy of God, that, I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home: I thought

I could have spoken of His love, and have told of His mercy to me, even to the very Crows that sate upon the plowed lands before me. But, alas! within less than forty days, I began to question all again.

One cannot doubt that the story would have been vastly different had Bunyan not cut himself off, or been cut off, from privileges that in another country or another age would have been his indubitably. And perhaps the story gains in poignance from the very fact that this extraordinary soul had to fight its way alone and in the darkness.

A word remains to be said about another matter which links Bunyan with more fortunate spiritual adventurers. What of his visions? What importance can be attached to them? What place, if any, can they be given in the classification of such things, which is easy enough in the case, for instance, of St. Teresa? Unfortunately the question cannot be answered, for Bunyan himself, by a strange and deplorable reticence, has concealed the truth from his readers. We may put out of consideration the numerous occasions on which some passage in the Bible "came in upon" him, or "took hold upon" him; and the vision of the mountain and the wall also scarcely comes under the heading of visions in the sense now before us. Probably, too, the occasion mentioned in paragraph 208, when "it was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from Heaven, through the Tiles, and direct" certain words to him, is intended to be nothing more than a vivid moment of imagination. But there remains the vision which came upon him during the game at cat, the voice which called to him from behind him (paragraph 94), the "noise of a wind" which rushed in upon him, "but very pleasant," as he was walking to and fro in the good man's shop (paragraph 175), and the very interesting account of his preaching (paragraph 286). In the last instance but one he is more explicit than in any of the others:

As to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was I know not: or from whence it came I know not. . . . I thought then what here I should be loth to speak. . . . But, I say, concerning this dispensation, I know not what yet to say unto it. . . . I do now, also, leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgment . . . yet, seeing I am here unfolding of my secret things, I thought it might not be altogether in-expedient to let this also show it self, though I cannot now relate the matter as there I did experience it.

Clearly, this reticence hides a great deal of extremely interesting experience. And again, in the matter of the preaching, the same mistrust or timidity holds him back:

Though I will not now speak all that I know in this matter, yet my experience hath more interest in that Text of Scripture, Gal. i. 11, 12, than many amongst men are aware.

The text referred to is this: "But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." But Bunyan will tell us no more, and one of the most interesting of the spiritual questions raised by his book must remain unanswered.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Old Houses in Edinburgh. Drawn by BRUCE T. HOME. Series I. and II. (Published by William J. Hay, Edinburgh.)

It is always refreshing to come across fine workmanship; work done in the only spirit in which good work can ever be accomplished—without haste, with infinite pains, with careful affection. This strikes one in the work of Mr. Bruce Home, more particularly because in this class of work much has been done in exactly the wrong spirit; that is to say, hastily, to catch the public eye, for effect. Mr. Bruce Home has made architectural drawings of Edinburgh, which lie before us in two portfolios. The more the detail of

each individual picture is studied, the more nearly is the conviction brought home that almost each stone has been known and loved for its own sake before it has been drawn. Illustrated books, ranging from good to "pretty-pretty," now flood the market: the three-colour process has created a demand which is being too swiftly supplied. About nearly all of them there is something tawdry, something too clever and facile: the sunset glows too frequently behind picturesque bits. The public likes a sunset. Good—the public shall have its sunset. So one turns from that class of quick work with relief to the quiet, careful studies of Mr. Bruce Home.

Other recent publications on the subject of old Edinburgh exist, as Professor Baldwin Brown points out in his introductory note. Some of these publications treat the story of Edinburgh from the point of view of its social and intellectual life rather than of its monuments, and the buildings figure therein as settings of anecdotes rather than as objects in themselves of historical interest. Other works reflect the superficial delight of the lover of the picturesque in quaint irregularities of turret and gable; while there is at least one serious attempt to treat the characteristic edifices of the old town in their proper connection with the architectural history of Scotland as a whole. The present publication, he continues, is based upon a competent structural knowledge of the buildings it illustrates, and over and above the appreciation which the draughtsman has shown of effects of grouping and light and shade we discern in his work a conscientious study of the character and growth of the fabrics at which he has worked.

Mr. Bruce Home is particularly happy in his effects of light, which in architectural drawing is as important as colour in a painting. You feel the sunshine. This is specially noticeable in his drawings of the house of Sir Archibald Acheson and of Advocates Close. The latter is of considerable beauty. The picture shows the Close in process of demolition (it was done away with in 1883-1884), and is taken from the foundation area of the new printing offices, which now occupy the ancient site. Above the gloom of the ruins rises what is intact of the old houses. The effect appeals to the imagination to a quite remarkable extent. Indeed, that is one of the characteristics of Mr. Home's work. It is perhaps most noticeable in his drawing of the principal doorway in Blair's Close of the first Duke of Gordon's town house. The building has been demolished to make room for the Castle Hill Public School, and the quaint Gothic doorway has been built into the eastern wall of the school, where it may still be seen at the lower end of Boswell's Court.

The Campaign in Bohemia: 1866. By LT.-COLONEL G. J. R. GLUNICKE. (Special Campaign Series, No. 6.) (Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd., 5s. net.)

OFFICERS of all ranks and students of military history have reason to be grateful to the publishers of this practical and useful series. The art of war, as distinguished from the game of Kriegspiel, is set forth with sufficient technical detail to demonstrate the lesson conveyed to soldier and statesman alike. Colonel Glünicke has produced an excellent study of a war which had the most far-reaching consequences in the re-establishment of the German Empire, and the altered equilibrium of the European Powers; he avers that it seems never to have attracted great attention in England, and he has been surprised to find in military circles, as well as in general society, how little the history of the war is known. Yet Königgrätz is a landmark in European history, and the whole conduct of the campaign on the Austrian as well as the German side is full of instructive information of great practical value.

